

INDIAN BRAVES



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BUT AT THAT MOMENT WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMED HOPELESS FOR THE MAN, HE'VEYER, LIKE A CHARGING PANTHER, LEAPED THE MIGHTY INDIAN BRAVE

GREEN ARROWHEAD!

BIG BROTHER TO LITTLE BEAR

*and other exciting
Indian stories*

"There's no such animal," he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were packing the ponies one day when I started telling him about a sure thing I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It automatically wins? Must be legal?"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose?"

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse...?"

"It not only could be—but is—U S Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today."

"For every three dollars you invest in U S Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds automatically from your pay check—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form." The horse I'm betting on from now on is U S Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



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GREEN ARROWHEAD & LITTLE BEAR

CHOCTAW KNOW YOU, SAM MORRAN, GOOD INDIAN FRIEND / WE LEASE LAND TO YOU FOR GRADING YOUR SHEEP / CHOCTAW WANT TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH WHITE NEIGHBORS /

THANKS, CHIEF BOLD EAGLE / I PLEDGE NOT TO HARM YOUR BUFFALO HERDS AND I'LL KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR HUNTING RANGE /



THE BITTER CLASH BETWEEN SHEPHERDS AND CATTLEMEN LEFT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE. CATTLE COULDN'T FEED BEHIND SHEEP HAD CLOSE-CROPPED THE GRASSY LANDS AND CATTLEMEN WERE SLOWLY PUSHING THE SHEPHERDS BACK INTO THE WILDS. IN CHOCTAW TERRITORY, SAM MORAN, LONG TIME INDIAN FRIEND, WAS HAVING A TUGH TIME HOLDING HIS INDIAN-LEASED LANDS FROM A PREDATORY CATTLEMAN, RUFUS BROODRICK. AND RIDING INTO THE BREACH TO AVENGE A MOUNTAIN MURDER, CAME THE LONG INDIAN CRUSADER, GREEN ARROWHEAD, FAMED FOR THE NEIGHNESS AND SWIFTNESS OF HIS GREEN-TIPPED ARROWS OF JUSTICE...

RAREWELL / THE GOOD WISHES OF GREEN ARROWHEAD AND HIS CHOCTAW BROTHERS GO WITH YOU /



THIS IS GOOD AGREEMENT YOU HAVE MADE WITH OUR WHITE FRIEND, MY BROTHER / IT IS AS OUR DEAD CHOCTAW FATHER SALLANT HARK, WOULD HAVE WISHED /

MAY NOTHING EVER DISTURB THE PEACE OF OUR SIMPLE LIVES /



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

POP, HERE COMES THAT LOWDOWN BREAK CATTLEMAN WIFE BROODERICK. IS THERE GONNA BE TROUBLE, POP?

I DON'T KNOW, SON, BUT HE'S PUSHIN' ME TOO HARD AND THERE'S GONNA BE AN EXPLOSION ONE DAY!



MORGAN, I'M GIVIN' YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO GET THOSE DAMNED WOOLIE CRITTERS OUTTA HERE. THERE AIN'T A HEEBLE LEFT FOR MY COWS WHEN YOUR BUTTON GETS THROUGH FEEDIN'!

THIS LAND BELONGS TO THE CHOCTAWS WHO LEASED IT TO ME! IT'S YOU WHO DON'T BELONG HERE! I AIN'T GETTIN' OUT!



YOU CAN BULLDOZE THEM CATTLE, BUT NOT SAN MORGAN!

OOF!



LOOK OUT, POP! HE'S PULLING A SON!

OOH!



SANDY WON'T HAYWARD WHEN HE SAW HIS FATHER SHOT.

I'LL KILL YOU, YOU WERN POLECAT, PULLING A SHOT ON MY DAD, WHEN HE AIN'T EVEN ARMED!

HEY! LAY OFF, YOU LITTLE WILD CAT! STOP HIM, BOYS!



CALL YOUR BOY OFF, MORGAN! N-WE'RE GETTIN' OUT OF HERE. DON'T LET HIM FIRE THAT RIFLE!

SANDY, DON'T! I ONLY GOT RICKED! HOLD UP YOUR RIFLE, SON!



I'LL BE BACK, MORGAN! NEXT TIME, I WON'T PALAVER!

AN' WE'LL BE READY FOR YOU, YOU DIRTY BERNINT!



A FEW MINUTE LATER, IN THE SHADOW OF THE MORGAN HOMESTEAD

THE MORGANS HAVE COME TO
DOWN TO HAUL BACK SUPPLIES!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO BURN
'EM OUT, BOYS!

TEAM, THERE'LL BE
NO MORE WOOLIES TO
MESS WITH YOUR
HIDE AFTER TWO,
SURE!



ONE'S LEFT ALL RIGHT, LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE, FAST!
IT'LL BE A BOMBIE IN A
FEW MINUTES!



**BUT AS THE FLAMES ROARED SKYWARD, A LONG WOOD
CAME ON THE SCENE... BRASH ARROWHEAD!**

BY OUR SACRED TOTEM, THE MORGAN
HOME IS IN FLAMES! FLY, WILDCARD!
WE MUST TRY TO SAVE THEM!



THIS SMELLS OF TREACHERY! THE HOUSE
BURNS SO FAST AND THIS CAN OF KERO-
SENE HQ! A CRY OF HELP!



FOODS! FOODS!...MY MOM
AND POP ARE IN THERE!
YOU MUST SAVE
THEM!

AS SOON
AS YOU ARE
SAFE!



**THE RESCUE WASN'T A MOMENT TOO
SOON, FOR SURELY...**

BACK! THE ROOF
FALLS IN! IT IS A
DEATH TRAP!

MY MOM AND
POP CAN'T GET
OUT! PLEASE
SAVE THEM!
OH!



**MAN'S INNOCENCY TO MAN HAD
CLAIMED TWO VICTIMS AND AN
ORPHAN WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE
WORLD...**

WHY DID IT HAVE
TO BE ME? WHY
COULDN'T MOM AND
POP HAVE BEEN
SAVED? I DON'T
WANT TO LIVE
ANYMORE
EITHER!

COME,
SOMEONE YOUR
FATHER WAS
A GOOD MAN...A
BRAVE MAN! YOU
MUST NOT SPEAK
LIKE THIS! YOU MUST
GROW UP TO AVENGE
THEIR DEATHS!



THEN SANDY'S DREAM HAD BEEN QUOTED



SANDY NURSED HIS DREAM AND REMEMBERED BULLEN...



NAH, LEAVE ME ALONE! I JUST WANT TO BE HERE BY MYSELF!

SANDY, THIS LITTLE PONY NEEDS A RIDER! I WAS SOMEBODY HUNTING! I WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE WITH ME?



YES, BROTHER! I PROPOSE WE KEEP HIM IN THE TRIBE WITH OUR OWN YOUNG ONES! WHEN HE IS OF AGE, WE CAN ADOPT HIM! HE IS A BRAVE ONE!

LATER, IN THE CHOCTAW VILLAGE



IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT, SANDY BEGAN TO THRILL TO HIS NEW LIFE...



AND WITH ONE OF YOUR ARROWS! THIS IS GREAT, GREEN ARROWHEAD! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL BE ABLE TO SHOOT LIKE YOU!

THREE YEARS PASSED AND WHEN SANDY WAS THIRTEEN...



YOU HAVE LEARNED WELL, MY SON! NEXT COMES YOUR HUNTING TEST, BEFORE YOU ARE INITIATED AS A BLOOD BROTHER!

GOT HIM? NOW TO BRING THIS BACK TO THE CHIEF'S COUNCIL!



A GOOD KILL AND
CLEANLY SHOT,
RIGHT IN THE
THROAT!

HE IS A BRAVE ONE, WORTHY
OF MEMBERSHIP IN OUR TRIBE!
WE WILL PROCEED WITH THE
INITIATION RITES TONIGHT.



IN THE SACRED CEREMONY, THE BLOOD OF SANDY
WAS MINGLED WITH THAT OF GREEN ARROWHEAD!

YOUR BLOOD IS NOW JOINED
WITH THE CHOCTAW'S IN
BROTHERHOOD. YOU I NAME
LITTLE BEAR, LITTLE WHITE
BROTHER. TAKE THE GIFTS OF
OUR TRIBE AND LONG LIFE TO YOU!

HAIL TO OUR
NEW BROTHER,
LITTLE BEAR!



A FEW MONTHS LATER, WHILE HUNTING...

I ONLY WOUNDED HIM.
GREEN ARROWHEAD? I
NEED MORE ARROWS!

HERE ARE SOME OF MINE.
SO, MAKE YOUR KILL! I'LL
CHASE THE REST OF
THEM TOWARD TEYLLA
PASS!



AT TEYLLA PASS...

NO, THIS IS CHOCTAW
TERRITORY, GIVEN US BY
THE GREAT WHITE FATHER
IN WASHINGTON. YOU ARE
TRESPASSING!

RUFUS BROOKERICK DOES
WHERE HE WANTS! NO
RESPECTABLE REDSKIN
WARRIOR CAN TELL ME
WHERE I CAN GO!



I GOT NO USE
FOR A REDSKIN!
NOW GET IT!

YOU SPEAK
TOO SOON,
EVIL ONE!



YOU ARE STILL TRESPASSING!
YOU MUST TAKE YOUR
CATTLE BACK!



GOOD WORK, BASSSET!
WE'LL STAKE THIS CRIT-
TER'S BODY OUT WHERE
WE CAN'T THAT MOUNTAIN
CAT'S CAVE!



ENTER, NEAR THE MOUTH OF SOME MOUNTAIN LAIRS

WELL, THEY HAVE LEFT ME TO THE
GIANT CATS! THESE BONDS WILL
NOT BITE! IF ONLY MY BARE HANDS
WERE FREE TO FIGHT!



SUDDENLY THE HOWL OF A BOY WAS HEARD!

LITTLE BEAR! WHITE BROTHER,
WAT THE CHOCTAW FIRE GODS
BLESS YOU!



I SAW RUPE AND
HIS MEN CARRY YOU
HERE! I WAITED
UNTIL THEY WERE
GONE!

YOU CAME NOT A SECOND
TOO SOON! THESE EVIL
MEN ARE BRINDING THEIR
CATTLE THROUGH TAPALA
PASS! THERE IS ONLY ONE
WAY TO STOP THEM! COME,
LET US RETURN TO THE
VILLAGE!



LATER,

WE WILL DRIVE THE BUFFALO HERD
THROUGH TAPALA PASS AND STAMPEDE
THE CATTLE! NEVER AGAIN WILL THE
WHITE MEN RETURN!



IN TAPALA PASS

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE
INDIANS ARE STAMPEDIN' THE
COWS!



TAMM!
SAVE
ME!

YOU ARE NOT WORTHY
TO BE SAVED, BUT I
CANNOT SEE YOU DIE!



YOU'RE SAVED,
MORGAN'S SON!
HOW COME YOU'RE
NIGHT WITH THESE
INDIANS?

MY FOLKS
WERE BURNED
TO DEATH
WHEN OUR
HOMES WERE SET
ON FIRE BY SOME
VILLAGER AND I SUS-
PECT IT WAS RUPE
AND HIS MEN! MAKE
YOU, TOO!





THE AMERICAN INDIAN

HISTORIC INCIDENTS

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IN 1780, TECHUMSEH, APOKA CHIEF OF THE SHOSHONE TRIBE, OBTAINED A FEDERAL PATENT ON LAND INCLUDING ALL THE TRIBES EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AND FROM THE CAROLINAS TO THE GREAT LAKES WITH HIS POWER TECHUMSEH PROTECTED THE AMERICAN NATION FROM CRUISING.

TECHUMSEH, APOKA, TECHUMSEH, AND WITH HIS ALLIANCE, APOKA, CHIEF OF THE SHOSHONE TRIBE, AND OBTAINED A PEACE TREATY TO PREVENT INDIAN CRUISING, BUT A YEAR LATER THE TREATY WAS BROKEN, AND IN A BATTLE THAT FOLLOWED THE INDIAN WERE DEFEATED AND THEIR TERRITORY SEIZED.



IN JANUARY 1781, AFTER MANY BLOOD ENCLAVINGS WITH THE SHOSHONE, DANIEL BOONE WAS CAPTURED AND BROUGHT BEFORE CHIEF BLACK FISH.

"I'VE KILLED MANY OF YOUR TRIBESMEN IN THE PAST, BLACK FISH. I SUPPOSE YOU'LL TORTURE ME."

"NO, GREAT WHITE HARBOR! IT IS A CRIME TO SLAY ONE SO BRAVE AS YOU! I SHALL ADOPT YOU AS MY SON."

ABOUT 1781, BOONE WAS CAPTURED, BOONE SPOKE HIS OWN WORDS, LEADING TO A PLANNED SHOSHONE ATTACK ON BOONEDOROUGH. HE EXPECTED HIS ESCAPE AND WANTED THE BOONEDOROUGH TO BE BUILT.



GEORGE ROBERTS CLARK KEPT MANY FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS FROM CRUISING BY INDIANS. HE WOULD BRING AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES DOWN THE OHIO RIVER INTO KENTUCKY BY FLATBOAT, MANY TIMES HAVING TO FIGHT OFF SAVAGE INDIAN ATTACKS.

ONE OF THE BLOODIEST WARS BETWEEN INDIAN AND WHITE MAN TOOK PLACE IN NORTH AMERICA, IN 1755 CHIEF PONTIAC ORGANIZED A WAR PARTY AND ATTACKED MICHIGAN PORTS AND SETTLEMENTS WITH SUCCESS, BUT WHEN PONTIAC ATTACKED PORT DETROIT, HE WAS DEFEATED BY A STRONG BRITISH ARMY.



The HATRED of Spitting Snake

SPITTING SNAKE FOUND NO CONTENTMENT IN PEACE IN RESERVATION LIFE. HE DREAMED AND DREAMED OF LEADING AN AVENGING HOST OF INDIANS AGAINST THE U.S. ARMY AND WANNABERS THERE. HE ALSO DREAMED OF THE DAY WHEN JOHN THUNDERCLOUD, WHO SPOKE FOR PEACE, WOULD BE DEAD. THEN JOHN SPITTING SNAKE'S DREAMS WERE READY TO COME TRUE. WHETHER HIS JOY FOR HIS MURDEROUS MADNESS LIVED ANY BOUNDS AS HE PREPARED TO TAKE HIS REVENGE!



"WE MUST DRIVE THE WHITES BACK TO THE EAST! WE HAVE BECOME SOFT AND WEAK—CONTENT TO LET THE PALEFACED STEEP ALL OVER US! I SAY FIGHT THEM TO THE DEATH!"

"NO, NO, SPITTING SNAKE! THIS IS THE COUNSEL OF MADNESS! YOU WILL DESTROY SQUA AND WHITE MAN ALIKE IN YOUR MAD LUST FOR POWER!"



"WE ARE BOUND BY HONOR TO RESPECT THE TREATY WE SIGNED WITH THE GREAT WHITE FATHER IN WASHINGTON. DISOBEY WILL FALL UPON THE SQUA IF WE SIGN THIS TREATY!"

"AY, CHIEF OJOOLEE! IS YOUR SON JOHN THUNDERCLOUD SO WISE, SO WITLESS, THAT HIS OLD FATHER MUST HELP HIM SPEAK AT OUR COUNCILS?"



"I HATE SPITTING SNAKE! HE KNOWS JOHN THUNDERCLOUD FEARS NOTHING NOT EVEN DEATH ITSELF! BUT BECAUSE JOHN FIGHTS FOR PEACE, SPITTING SNAKE MURDER HIM!"

"YOU TOO STAND BETWEEN THEM! SQUA MUST SPITTING SNAKE IS ANGRY THAT YOU PREFER JOHN THUNDERCLOUD TO HIMSELF! HE IS MAD WITH JEALOUSY!"



WHY I BE WTRUCK DEAD BEFORE
I LET JOHN THUNDERCLOUD TAKE
SHOW BOOT AWAY FROM ME? I
SHALL LEAD THE SQUAD INTO
DEADLY BATTLE AGAINST THE
WHITES OR PERISH TRYING!
HE WHO TRIES TO STOP
ME SHALL DIE!



THREE HOURS LATER, AS JOHN THUNDERCLOUD
RODE TOWARD MEDDLEY..



IT'S SPITTING
SHAKE! I
MIGHT HAVE
KNOWNY!

JOHN THUNDERCLOUD! FIGHT!
THE TRAIN, "YELLOW TONGUE!"
KILL THE MEDDLER!



I'LL BEAT SOME
SENSE INTO YOUR
STUPID HEADS!



COME ON MEN!
TAKE AN EXAMPLE
FROM THAT
LOYAL
RECKON!

WHAT A FIGHT!
FOOL HE BE HE
PRACTICALLY
ROUTED 'EM FOR
US ALREADY!



THAT'S IT, MEN!
FOUL IT ON!
THEY'RE
BREAKING!



YOU HAVE ROUTED MY MEN,
VICTOR, BUT YOU SHALL
NOT ESCAPE DEATH! I
SHALL TRAMPLE YOU
INTO YOUR GRAVE!





AGAIN THE CURSED
ONE BLINDS ME!



YOU HAD
A CHOICE,
SHAVE,
FRIEND!
AND SO
DO WE!
WHO IS
YOUR
LEADER?

AN AMBITIOUS BADMAN WHO DISOBEYED
THE TRIBAL DECISION NOT TO BREAK
FAITH WITH THE WHITE MAN! BUT I
CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW HE MADE
THE OTHER HARRIDERS TAKE UP
HIS DEATH CALL!

WHERE'S
YOUR
ARMED, CHIEF?



AN EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLE!
YES, NOW I SEE WHY
THEY WERE SO WILD!
THEY WERE DRUNK!
SPITTING SNAKE SHOT
THEM INTOXICATED
BEFORE HE LED THEM
INTO BATTLE!



AND MORE WHITE TRADER IS
SELLING IT TO THEM! WE'VE
GOT TO GET THIS TRAITOR
BEFORE HE SUPPLIES MORE
FIREARMS TO THAT
BLOODTHIRSTY BAND!



SPITTING SNAKE IS DOING WITH
LIQUOR WHAT HE CAN'T DO WITH
REASON! WHEN I SHOW MY
REASON THE DIABLES TO WHOM
FIREARMS WILL TAKE THEM.
THEY WILL REJECT SPITTING
SNAKE!

I HOPE
SO!



LATER, AT SPITTING SNAKE'S ENCAMPMENT

HEY, CHIEF! DID
SOMETHING GO
WRONG? YOUR
BRAVES ARE
DROPPIN' BACK
INTO CAMP!

HE WOULD HAVE SLAUGHTERED
THE SUPPLY TRAIN! HE WOULD
HAVE HAD GUNS AND CANNON,
HAD NOT JOHN THUNDER
CLOUD INTERFERED!



I TOLD YOU, CHIEF! YOU
NEED TO RECRUIT AN
ARMY, NOT A SMALL
BAND! JOHN THUNDER-
CLOUD CAN'T FIGHT
AN ARMY OF
DRUNKEN
WARRIORS!

YOU ARE RIGHT, JUNIOR!
A VAST ARMY OF WAGED
THINGS UNDER MY
LEADERSHIP CHANCE!
PAH!

I WILL SEND MESSENGERS TO ANNOUNCE A TRIBAL GATHERING TO-
MORROW NIGHT! BLACKFEET, CROWS,
CHEYENNES! ALL WILL BE INVITED-
BUT WE MUST HAVE
MAJOR FIREWATER.
JUDSON, OR MY
WORDS WILL
FALL ON COLD
EARS!

DON'T WORRY,
SPITTING SHANK!
WE'LL WARM 'EM UP-
YOU GET THE MEN
AND WE'LL GET
THE HORSES!

I GOTTA
HAND IT
TO YOU
JUDSON!
THIS IS
GOLD
PAYIN' ON
BETTER
THAN
SILVER!
TO SELLING!

AM NOT ONLY
DO WE GET PAID
OFF, BUT SPIT-
TING SHANK
PROMISED TO
TURN OVER
EVERYTHING
HE COLLECTS
FROM EVERY
RAID EXCEPT
GUNS AND
AMMUNITION!

THEY'RE MOVING! AS JOHN THUNDER-
CLOUD AND SOME OTHER THUNDERBOLT
BOUGHT OUT THE SECRET CAMP
OF SPITTING SHANK!

CHEYENNES! MAKE THE SON OF
LIES IN ONE
PEACE! I WOULD SPEAK
OF GOING TO THEM! ALREADY HE
SHALLS-
AND BEEN WAS PARTIES
OF BLACKFEET AND
CROWS BEHIND OUT
SPITTING SHANKS-
CAMP!

DO NOT LISTEN
TO JOHN
THUNDERCLOUD!
HE IS THE
VOICE OF
PEACE!

SURELY, DON!
I LISTEN TO ALL
VOICES! I GO
TO ATTEND SPIT-
TING SHANK'S
POW-WOW NIGHT!
CHIEF! WILL YOU
JOIN US?

I KNOW SPIT-
TING SHANK'S
MESSAGE! IT
IS WISE! BUT
I HAVE A
PLAN!

YES! I
GO WITH
YOU!

THIS IS
WISDOM,
CHIEF!
SPITTING
SHANK WILL
ORDER HIS
MEN TO
KILL YOU ON
SIGHT!

THE CROW, CHEYENNE AND BLACKFEET
CHIEFS WON'T PERMIT IT! IF I SAY I
WILL FIGHT THE WHITES BY THEIR
SIDE, THEY WILL NOT LET SPITTING
SHANK'S PERSONAL ARMY
TAKE THE PLACE OF HONOR!

TOMORROW NIGHT, AT SPITTING SHANK'S POW-WOW

JOHN THUNDERCLOUD
SAYS HE WILL HELP
US FIGHT THE
PALEFACES!

THIS IS SOME TRICK,
BUT I MUST PRETEND
I AM TAKEN IN TO TRAP
THE PEACE-LOVING
FOOL!

TOMORROW EVENING...

WE WILL FIRST MEET OUR
APPETITE ON A TROOP OF
CAVALRY. THE WHITE RE-
BELLS HAVE TOLD US
ARE LEAVING FOR MIDNIGHT
AT MIDNIGHT!

BEHOLD! BREAK OUT OF
CAMP AND BRING THIS
WARNING TO THE
LEADER OF THE
WHITE CAVALRY!



BUT, AS THE HORSE LEFT...



AND POOR

BEYOND PROOF OF JOHN THUNDERCLOUDS' TREASON? A MESSAGE TO THE WHITE WRITTEN IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING!



IT IS TRUE I WANTED TO WARN THE AMERICAN CAVALRY. FOR HAD SEVENTEEN IS A SERIOUS! YOU LISTEN TO MYTING GRACE BECAUSE HE FORGOT YOUR MIND WITH DAWNA? HE LEADS YOU TO DISASTER!

TURN DEAF EARS ON THE TRAITOR. SEND HIM! ALL HIM!



KILL ME IF YOU WISH, BUT SPARE MY GRAVE! THEY WERE ONLY OBEYING MY ORDERS!

SO BE IT! JOHN THUNDERCLOUD DIES ALONE!

TAKE HIM TO THE CANYON WHERE HE WILL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH!



ANYMORE LATER, AS JOHN THUNDERCLOUDS' BODY BOUNDED, HAND AND FOOT

THE EARTH SHAKED WITH THUNDER! BY THE GREAT SPIRIT, THEY HAVE DRIVEN ME! I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO LOOSEN MY BONDS!



BUT AS THE THUNDERING HORSE CAME CLOSER...

CAN IT BE? YES! IT IS MY HORSE'S DEET HAND!



THE FALCON HORNE DARTED OFF AND THUNDERCLOUDS' HANDS GRIPPED THE STEELY HORN OF THE ONLY CHANCE!



**MINUTES LATER, AFTER FEEDING
HIMSELF FROM HIS HORSE...**

THEY'RE ALL LEFT TO ATTACK THE
CAVALRY TROOP! ALL EXCEPT THE
SLEEPING DRUNK! NOW TO FREE
MY BRAVER AND INTERCEPT THOSE
DRUNK-MADDESED WARRIORS!



MEANWHILE...



WE'RE TOO LATE!
THE CAVALRY
TROOP IS
CUT OFF AND
SURROUNDED!

WE MUST BURN
THOSE WHISKY
WAGGONS! TAKE
FLAMING ARROWS
AND AIM THEM AT
EVERY WAGON!



FLAMING
ARROWS!



LET'S GET OUTA HERE—
QUICK! THEIR ARROWS
WILL BAKE THE WHISKY
WAGGONS DEAD!



THE BURNING WAGGONS QUICKLY DEMORALIZED
THE CAVALRY WARRIORS, AND AS THE CAVALRY
TROOP REORGANIZED, AND BEGAN TURNING
DEFEAT INTO VICTORY...

I AM DEFEATED AGAIN! CLEARLY THE GODS
DO NOT DESIRE MY VICTORY! I HAVE TAKEN
AN OATH TO KILL MYSELF IF I COULD NOT WIN!
I SHALL NOT ALLOW MYSELF TO BE
CAPTURED! DID DEERLY, KNIFE!



MINUTES LATER...

DEAD BY HIS
OWN HAND!
SPITTING
CRAVE
COULD NOT
TAKE
DEFEAT!

DEFEAT IS THE LOT OF ALL
WHO DESIRE FAIR THROUGH
SPILLING INNOCENT BLOOD! IT
IS THE FATE OF ALL WHO ARE
DEATH WITH MAD AMBITION!



WHERE WAS THE INDIAN GOD? HE FELT THAT GREAT POWERS CONTROLLED HIS LIFE. HE BELIEVED THAT POWERS HAD BEEN GIVEN TO A CHOSEN PEOPLE. ONE OF THE "CHOSEN PEOPLE" FIGHTED AND TORTURED HIMSELF. EACHDAY HE WROTE WITH A VOICE AND SEE A VISION WHICH WOULD BRING HIM A SPECIAL POWER.



MOST MEDICINE MEN WHO TREATED SICKNESS FIRST TRIED TO SUCK SOMETHING OUT OF THE BODY OF THE SUFFERER. WITH SILENT PRAYER HE WOULD PRODUCE A SMALL LIFE ANIMAL OR A REPTILE AND CLAIM IT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE ILLNESS. IN MANY CASES IT WORKED. THE SUGGESTIVE POWER WAS THAT GREAT.



A SWIRL OF DUST IN THE DESERT WAS A THING OF FEAR TO MANY INDIANS. THEY BELIEVED THAT A DEAD SPIRIT WAS RIDING IN THE SWIRL AND THEY WENT OUT OF THEIR WAY TO AVOID ONE...



WHEN INDIANS DANCED, THEY ENACTED A SCENE THAT SUCH AS A BATTLE, A HUNT, OR A COURTSHIP. DANCING WAS A SERIOUS PART OF AN INDIAN'S LIFE.



WHEN INDIANS TRAVELED IN LARGE GROUPS, THEY WERE NOT ALLOWED TO SPEAK OR MAKE NOISES. THEY WALKED WITH SILENCE AND RHYTHM, IN WHAT WE NOW CALL "INDIAN FILE"...



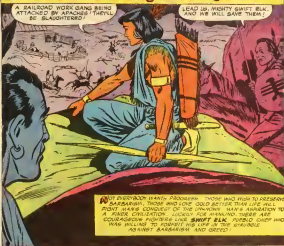
AN INDIAN POW-HOW! MUST BE DEAD OR RISE DAYS. HIS LOVE OF GRAMMATICS, RESPECT FOR RHYTHM MADE ANY CHANTING A CEREMONY. HE LOVED BEING LOUD AND IMPRESSIVE, BUT WAS ALWAYS TO PLEASE HIS NEIGHBORS' IDEAS AND BELIEFS...



FURY Along the Rails

A RAILROAD WORK GANG BEING
ATTACKED BY APACHES! THEY'LL
BE SLAUGHTERED!

LEAD US, MIGHTY SWIFT ELK,
AND WE WILL SAVE THEM!



BUT EVERYBODY HATES PUEBLOS—THOSE WHO RISE TO PRESERVE
BARBARISM, THOSE WHO LOVE OLD BETTER THAN LIFE WILL
FOOT HAVE CONQUEST OF THE DRYLANDS. MAN'S ABASATION TO
A FIERCE CREATION. LOOKING FOR A REWARD, THERE ARE
COURAGEOUS FIGHTERS LIKE **SWIFT ELK**. PUEBLO CHIEF WHO
WAS WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE IN THE STRUGGLE
AGAINST BARBARISM AND GREED!

LOOK, ADELY!
MORE
APACHES!
WE'RE
GONE
FOR!

NO, JIM! THEY'RE **NOT**
APACHES! THEY'RE
PUEBLOS, MORTAL
ENEMIES OF THE
APACHES! THEY'RE
COMING TO
HELP US!



A SOLO ATTACK AND THESE
COWARDLY DOGS STICK
THEIR TAILS BETWEEN
THEIR LEGS AND RUN!

IT IS SWIFT
ELK THE
PUEBLO
CHIEF!





ADLEY, THEY'RE THE
QUIETEST! THEY'RE
RUNNING AWAY!
WHAT A
FIGHTER
HE IS!

DO NOT PURSUE
THEM, MY BRAVES!
WE HAVE ADOOR-
PLANNED OUR
PURPOSE!



THANKS, CHIEF! IF YOU
HADN'T COME ALONG,
THEY MIGHT'VE WIPED
US OUT! THE MAN
TURNED INTO THE
TOUGHEST STRICKER
OF TRACK-LAYING
I'VE RUN INTO IN
FIFTEEN YEARS!

I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR
THOSE WHO LOOK UPON
PROGRESS AS AN ENEMY!
SOME OF MY RED
BROTHERS ARE BITTER
AGAINST ALL WORKS
OF THE WHITE MAN!



JUST THEN

WHAT IS
THAT?

THE TREASURE! THE DEVIL
MUST'VE DYNAMITED IT!
COME ON, MR. REYNOLDS
MIGHT BE KILLED!

BOOM!



FIVE MINUTES LATER, DOWN THE TRACK...

MR. REYNOLDS!
THANK HEAVENS
YOU'RE SAFE!
WHAT HAPPENED?

APACHES! WE NEVER HAD A
CHANCE! EVERYBODY WAS
KILLED BUT ME! THEY GOT
HOLD OF OUR DYNAMITE
WORKS OF WORK
DESTROYED IN A
SECOND!



I AM NO EXPERT, MR. REYNOLDS, BUT TO
DYNAMITE A TREASURE TAKES SKILL! RED
MEN KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT DYNAMITE!
COULD THIS BE THE WORK OF A
WHITE MAN?



COULD BE,
MY FRIEND.
TELL HIM,
ADLEY!

IT WENT ONLY THE APACHES WHO
DON'T WANT TO SEE THE RAILROAD
BUILT, SWIFT ELK! SOME PALE-
FACEDS SEE THE RAILROAD AS A
THREAT TO THEIR BEHAVIOR!
THEY FIGHT TO KEEP THE
RAILROAD OUT OF NEW
MEXICO!

THE STAGE COACH INTERESTS WANT NO PART OF THE COMPETITION OF THE RAILROAD! THEY'RE DEALING WITH APACHES TO ATTACK THE RAILROAD SO THAT THEIR STAGE COACH MONOPOLY WILL REMAIN SECURE!



PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU! WHO RUNS THE STAGE COACH COMPANY IN THIS TERRITORY?



A FAT GUY NAMED CLAY FOLGER IS BEHIND THESE ATTACKS! YOU DO ON WITH YOUR RAILROAD BUILDING! I WILL REPORT BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

SO GOOD LUCK SWIFT ELK!



AN HOUR LATER, NEAR THE TOWN OF GRAY CANYON...

THE OLD MUST GIVE WAY TO THE NEW! THIS IS THE LAW OF LIFE AND THE LAW OF PROGRESS! IT IS EASY TO FIGHT THINGS THAT HELP MANKIND WAIT HERE WHILE I GO INTO TOWN AND SPEAK WITH FOLGER!



WE ONLY WANTED SWIFT ELK!

SOON, IN TOWN...

I AM SWIFT ELK CHIEF OF THE PUEBLOS! I WOULD SPEAK WITH MR. FOLGER!

NO YOUNG ALLOWED! WARDROBE BEFORE WE SEND YOU OUTA TOWN ON A RAIL!



I CAME HERE TO SEE MR. FOLGER AND I SHALL NOT BE FRIGHTENED AWAY!

OOF!



E EOWH!

HEY! WHAT'S GORY ON HERE? BREAK IT UP!



YOU PRACTICALLY WRECKED MY OFFICE, PALM.

THEN YOU MUST BE CUN FODDER! I COME FROM THE RAILROAD CAMP APACHES. JUST ATTACKED THE WORK-GANG, SLAUGHTERING HART AND DYNAMITING THE TRESTLE! MR. REYNOLDS SAYS YOU HIRED THE APACHES. WHAT DO YOU SAY?



I SAY HE'S A LIAR! IT'S A FRAME-UP! I DON'T WANT NO PART OF THE RAILROADS, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I'D BREAK THE LAW TO KEEP 'EM AWAY!



AND YET YOU WILL LOSE MUCH BUSINESS IF THE RAILROAD IS BUILT.



IT'LL BE THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE RAILROAD COMES TO EVERY TOWN. I'LL MAKE MY FILE OUTA LOCAL TRAFFIC! BUT YOU INJUNS GOT MORE TO LOSE WITH CIVILIZATION CREEPIN' CLOSER AN' CLOSER!



MOST RED MEN WANT PEACE AND A GOOD LIFE, LIKE MOST GOOD PALE-FACES.



SHORTLY AFTER...

SPEAK, SWIFT EYE! IS FODDER THE GUILTY ONE?

I DO NOT KNOW, BROTHER! EVIL MEN SURROUND HIM! MEN WHO WILL NOT HESITATE TO KISS AND KILL! AND YET THIS PROVES LITTLE!



WE MUST SEEK OUT THE APACHES THEMSELVES TO DISCOVER WHO IS HIDING THEM!



THAT NIGHT, MANY DEER AMAY, DEATH STALKED A CAMP OF RAILROAD BURNERS...



APACHES! WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED! BURN!

THE NEXT MORNING, AS CIRCLING VULTURES ATTRACTED SWIFT EYE TO A SMOOKING SMITH...



PALEFACE! MASSACRED BY APACHES DURING THE NIGHT!

HERE IS A PIECE OF PAPER CAREFULLY THROWN AWAY!



THEN, AS THE HUNTING BEGINS, BOB GRABBS TO PROTECT THE DEAD MEN FROM THE NATIVES!



YOU'RE RIGHT, SHIFT ELM! THIS MAP WAS DRAWN BY SOMEONE FAMILIAR WITH SURVEYING OR MAP-MAKING! BUT THAT WOULD THROW SUSPICION ON ALL MY ASSISTANTS, FROM AOLEY ON DOWN!



EVEN YOURSELF! BUT AN DEBUTATION IS AT STAKE, SHIFT ELM! IF THIS BARRAGE FOLDS, I FOLD WITH IT! TALKING WHY I'M GO EAGER TO CATCH FOLGER WITH THE GOODBY!



I WILL FIND OUT WHERE THIS BAND OF APACHE HIDES OUT! I WILL CHOOSE MYSELF AN APACHE. SOONER OR LATER, THIS TEALOR WILL SHOW UP!

THEN YOU CAN SEE WHO HE IS AND REPORT BACK TO ME! AN EXCELLENT IDEA!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE BEGINNING OF THE HUNDREDTH YEAR...

WHY CAN'T YOU DO WITH YOU, BOOLE CHIEF? SUPPOSE THEY DISCOVER YOU ARE NOT AN APACHE! THEY WILL MAKE THAT DISCOVERY EVEN MORE QUICKLY IF MORE THAN ONE PUEBLO ENTERS THEIR CAMP! I MUST SEEK THE TEALOR, ALONE! ALREADY I HAVE AN IDEA AS TO HIS IDENTITY!



THREE HOURS LATER, SHIFT ELM ROSE INTO THE ARCHER CAMP.



AFTER AN HOUR OF FEASTING AND DRINKING

HERE HE IS!
HE CAME TO
THE CHEF'S
TENT!

THE MOMENT IS AT HAND! I WILL
SEE FOR MYSELF IF MY SUS-
PICIONS WERE NOT CORRECT!
ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE
DRAWN THAT MAP AND
DYNAMITED THAT TERRIBLE
REYNOLDS!



DON'T STAND IN
THE DOORWAY
LIKE A STRANGER.
SWIFT EYE!
COME IN HERE!
SURPRISE!

NOT AT ALL, REYNOLDS!
WHEN YOU BURNED THAT
MAP, USING IT TO LIGHT
YOUR PIPE, I KNEW THAT
YOU DID IT. ONLY SO THAT
ADLEY OR YOUR OTHER
ASSISTANTS WOULDN'T
DETECT YOUR
HANDWRITING!



YET YOU
ALLOWED
YOURSELF
TO FALL
INTO A
TRAP!
THE LOOK
BEHIND
YOUR

I SEE THEM!
SOME OF YOUR
HIDEOUS ASSASSIN'S
APACHES WITH A
TRUSTED CREAM
OF WAITING THE
MARCH OF REYNOLDS
WITH BOW AND
ARROW!



NONSENSE! WHO'S INTERESTED
IN PROGRESS? HERE'S
MY INTEREST! GOLD! I'M
IN THE PAY OF A RIVAL
RAILROAD! IF THE PRESENT
RAILROAD COMPANY FAILS TO
BUILD THE LINE, THE SECOND
ONE GETS THE CONTRACT!
AND I GET \$100,000!



FOOLISH WAS THE NATURAL FALL
GUY? I'LL GET A GREAT CROWD
WHEN THEY HANG THE FAT,
SLEEPING FOOL FOR MURDER
AND SABOTAGE!
TAKE HIM
AWAY!

AWAY! TO THE
WILD HORSES!
THE FLEEING
COWY SHALL BE
TORN APART!



KILLING ME WON'T HELP
YOU, REYNOLDS! YOUR
DOOM IS SEALED!
EVEN NOW MY FRIENDS
BRAVER ARE TELLING
THE CITIZENS OF
GREY GUICH AND
THE TRAILERS
IS!

DO YOU THINK
I'M A FOOL TO
SWALLOW A
FEELER? WELL
LIKE THAT! HE
WILL TAKE HIM TO THE
HORSES!

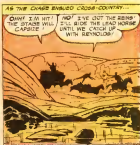


BUT AS REYNOLDS PREPARED TO GIVE THE SIGNAL

ONE TWO
(GASP!) —
WE WANTS
THAT!

LOOK!
WE ARE
ATTACKED!





THE COMANCHE KID

The two riders traced their mounts at a slow pace along the dusty trail. The unbearable heat of the sun beating down on them had so sapped their energy that they had long ceased striving to restore their strength. As they rounded a bend and fell under the shadow of a huge boulder, both men heaved a sigh of relief for the allgiance of the overcast, driving host.

Suddenly, the younger man started in his saddle. Then, bringing his horse to a halt, he eagerly gestured for the older man to follow suit. To one side of the trail, almost hidden in the brush, lay a man, face down in one synchronized movement, both men alighted and stood over the body. As he bent to turn the body face up, a light of recognition came into the younger man's eyes.

"It's Hank," he gasped. "Hank Hall!"

The older man looked grim. "None o' the Comanche Kida dirty work," he said. "Looks like your job ain't finished after all, Sam."

Sam Hartley nodded in agreement. He had just assigned his position as sheriff of Sagebrush. An hour, two man ago Sagebrush had been a wild, untamed town and any man who guided down his shopping area and fire from the dip in a spite, would had no business there. Every man with nerve enough to accept the sheriff's badge had wound up in Bell Hall before he'd served a month in prison.

Then Sam Hartley volunteered to take on the job. It was a long, tedious process, but after two years Sam had cleaned up the town. Of all the undesirable elements in Sagebrush, the Comanche Kid had probably been the worst, the most feared. The son of a great Comanche chieftain, the Kid had committed his first crime by taking the law into his own hands by killing the man who murdered his father. From then on, he lived apart from his tribe, killing and looting.

Finally captured by Sam Hartley, he was tried, found guilty and sentenced to hang. It was the job of deputy Hank Hall to deliver the Kid to the Arizona Territorial Prison. As Sam and his companion, one Job Garver, lifted the body of the decimated deputy, they reflected on what must have happened.

Obviously the Kid had worked loose from his bonds. Then, taking his own, he probably jumped "Hall" when the deputy was off guard. It was evident that the corpse element figured south in the incident as the Kid had no weapons and most all appearances Hall had been done in by his own guns which the Kid took from him. Loading the deputy's body over his horse's shoulders, Sam remounted and

indicated to Job that they were heading back to Sagebrush.

"Wouldn't you know it?" muttered Job. "Jus' when we get set tuh lay up that Tyler ranch and settle down to a life o' comfort an' peace, this has tuh happen! Somethin's always happenin'." And as he bit his lip between toothless gums, Job jabbed his spurs into his mount.

Many miles away, the misbegotten Indian stood facing the many chiefs of the various clans of the Comanche tribe. He had taken it upon himself to summon them for a council meeting.

"I speak in the name of my father," he bellowed at them. "My father, whose bones lie rotting on the ground because of the white man's treachery! We were once a peaceful, happy people. Then came the white invaders. They drove us from our lands, robbed us of our food supplies and our water. . . . all the time crying that they wished us live in peace. My father trusted the white man and died because the white man spoke with a forked tongue. The time has come to drive the invaders from our land!"

As he concluded, the Kid slowly dropped to the ground in a crouching position. One by one, he eyed each of the tribal chieftains. Silence prevailed for several moments. Finally, one of the older men spoke. He glared at the Kid with a word of disapproval.

"You dare accuse the white man of speaking with a forked tongue when you yourself speak in only half-truths!" he snapped. He ignored the Kid's anger and continued. "It is true that there are evil white men, but there are evil red men also."

"I have studied the white man's justice and found it is good and fair. Your father was killed by one evil white man, and for this you would murder the lives of many of your people to kill many good white men. Yes, the white man has taken that which we all own, but only for his survival. He has not deprived us entirely of our food, our warm and our land. Rather, he has shared that, of which we are ever short-shrifted."

Now, he suddenly switched his attention from the group as a whole to the Kid, personally. "You have long carried on a private war with the white man," he said. "You have murdered and plundered till now you seek sanctuary among the people you detested. But I, for one, offer no sanctuary."

As the elderly chieftain resumed his position on the ground, a low murmur arose from the crowd. Many knew that he had delivered the true facts honestly. It was decided that a vote would be taken

whereby a simple majority would decide what action should be taken, if any.

The Kid was dismissed, in return several minutes later to learn the decision of the council. The head of the council arose.

"We will live in peace," he said, "and you may remain with us, although you have disgraced the tribe of Comanche. But if you seek safety among us for some crime and the white law men come to claim you, you will receive no assistance from us."

The Kid kept his anger pent up through dashed trails. He had no alternative. Above all, he desired revenge on Sam Hartley, but to leave the Comanche territory would be death suicide. By now, he thought, a large crowd must be on his head for his capture, dead or alive. Gently, he set about making himself comfortable in his new surroundings.

Down the muddy, main stem of sagebrush many of the townfolk passed from their business to observe the strange passengers that drifted along. His heavy jaw set in determination to avenge the death of his former deputy, Sam Hartley, stared straight ahead. By the time he and Job had hitched their horses to the trail at the foot of the town's only funeral parlor, a sparse crowd had collected.

Silently, the two men hoisted Hank back from Sam's house and carried him inside. Several minutes later, the Mayor of Sagebrush appeared on the scene, followed by Matt Granger, the new sheriff.

"You know as well as I do," the Mayor started saying, "that this so good, steady, hardworking man here on the town is a danger to life and property. Sam, you've gotta go get him!" Sam knew he'd be asked and he was ready to do his duty. Regretfully, Matt Granger handed over the badge and with it, the office of Sheriff which he'd held only several hours.

Job helped Sam make a few minor preparations for the long ride Comanche country. Finally, Sam faced the grim old timer and said, "If I'm lucky, I'll be back in the morning. If not, I may never come back." Job looked at him, startled.

"Yuh won't leave the herd?" Job was deeply hurt. "Why, then, saddle up! Ah, yuh alone."

"I don't think so," said Sam. "Unless I'm very much mistaken they won't interfere. The Kid despised his tribe. Out of respect for his father, they'll probably take him back, but they won't protect him." Having been a trailblazer for years, Sam was well acquainted with Indian customs.

Job made a lonely and heartbroken picture as he stood in the cradle of the snow watching Sam trotting off to a vanishing point somewhere on the horizon.

It was early the next morning that Sam first noticed smoke signals coming from the direction in which he was headed. He'd deliberately taken a trail

to insure advance knowledge of his coming.

All activity ceased in the Comanche village as Sam silently walked his mount toward the chief's tent. As he alighted, the chief emerged and grasped his hand in fondly, greeting. An understanding look passed between them.

"I know why you have come," said the chief, "and we will not interfere in the white man's justice. But since the man you are after is of our tribe, we cannot help you."

"I understand," answered the Indian. "If you will just tell me where I can find him, I'll do the rest."

"I can help!" Sam spun around in his tracks, his hands dropping instinctively to his gun belts. But he stopped there. He was looking down the barrel of a long Winchester. "I will not be taken," roared the onrushing Comanche. In the next instant the Kid had cocked the rifle and was about to blow Sam's head off. Sam laughed suddenly. The Kid lowered the rifle and glared at him furiously.

"Why do you laugh?" he demanded.

"What will your people think if you kill me this way?" laughed Sam. "They will say the Comanche Kid is a coward . . . that he is afraid to fight his enemies on his terms. And even beyond the grave your father and I will laugh loud."

"Enough!" roared the Kid, flinging the rifle to the ground. He gestured for the spectators to give him room and stepped back, waving at Sam. The Indian unhooked his gun belt and let it drop into the dust. Cautiously, the two circled around each other.

Suddenly the Kid lunged forward. Sam side-stepped and ducked his feet out, tripping the Kid. Then he flung himself down, hoping to subdue the Kid quickly. But the Indian was too alert. He rolled over on the ground, snapping Sam's shoulder.

In the next instant the two men rose, sliding wildly at each other in a cloud of dust. Quickly the Kid saw an opportunity and reached for Sam's leg. Either he could apply his petcock, however, Sam sprang up and kicked hard. The Kid went flying through space. In the next moment he was back, but it had been enough time to permit Sam to regain a stand.

As the dust cleared wildly, Sam shot out a leg that clipped the Kid's jaw. The Kid stopped short, surprised. Another hit sent one and another and another. Out on his feet, the Kid finally dropped.

Sam quickly set to work bandaging him with raw hide, and as he prepared to depart, he looked up at the sun. It was still pretty early. He figured he'd be back in Sagebrush by noon.

"Gonna I was lucky," he thought to him self as he opened his house into a slow trot.

DEATH GRAZESSM ARAPAHOE RANGE

'YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCHANAN! THESE DEADLY LANDS ARE JUST WHAT WE HOPED TO FIND WHEN WE LEFT DAKOTA! NOTHING PARSED AN' BROWN HERE!'

'YIP HOOSEN WILL GROW STRONG AN' FAT ON THIS GRASS! THEY'LL BE WORTH TWICE AS MUCH ON THE MARKET BACK EAST!'



FOR LETTERS FOR THE HELP IN LIFTING THE CURSE 'TIL COL. MATTHEW'S FORT AGAINST THE HUNGRING CHIEFTAINS THE RANGED ARAPAHOES OVER HIS BACK WAS GIVEN A PORTION OF SUCH DEADLY LAND. HE'D PEOPLE WANTED TO GET HIS TONGUE FOR PROPHETRY AND SOME WORDS OF THE NEW DEADLY AREA, BUT MATTHEW WOULD SAYNO FROM THE AN HUNGRY PLAINS OF DAKOTA. AND AT-TRACTED WAS A WAGON TO HOLD THE NEW FORT'S FORT. THEY CAST HUNGRY CHIEFTAINS STEPS ON THE ROCKS THAT COULD BE THE NEW THROAT-ROCKS.

'MATTHEW WAS WAITIN' FOR A DRIVE THEM HERE INTO THE PASTURE! WE'LL SIT HERE TILL FALL!'

'TUFF! YEEH! GIT ALONG!'



BANG! BANG!

'SAY, BUCHANAN, WHAT IS THIS IS PRIVATE LANDS!'

'WE'LL MAKE IT ON PRIVATE! WHAT OTHER THING YOU PACK OURS FORT!'





I WILL RISK MY LIFE TO PROTECT WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS! NOW GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF HERE!



YUH GOIN' TO TAKE THIS FROM AN INJUN, BUCKHANNAN?

ELL SEE HIM DEAD FIRST! BUT WE AINT STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE ON HILD EAGLES' TRIBE! WE NEED HELP!



THESE GARBED W- GREAT, HILD EAGLES! THEY WILL RETURN!

THEY'LL BE READY FOR THEM! IF BUCKHANNAN WANTS A FIGHT, HE'LL GET IT!



THEY'VE COME AS BUCKHANNAN APPROACHED THE GRASS CAMP OF CHIEF MATHEW HOCKLEY HOCKEY - BUCKHANNAN.

THEY WON'T GO IN WITH YOU, BUCKHANNAN! THEY'VE BEEN HERE - BARRERS ARE HONEST! THEY'LL GO BACK BEFORE THEY BREAK THE LAW!

THEY ALL GOT TO GO! THEY'LL BE HUNG OUT IF THEY DON'T FIND GRASSY LAND!



BORN, BUCKHANNAN! MY HORSES NEED 4000 POUND GRASS, BUT THAT LAND WAS GIVEN TO THE APACHES AND I WON'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM!

HE'LL GET IT! I WON'T GO DOWN, BUT I WON'T TURN OUT-LAW!



AN INJUN IS A BORN THIEF! THEY'LL START RUSTLIN'! YUH WON'T LEAVE THE TERRITORY WITH ONE HORSE TO YOUR NAME!

WE'LL MEET THAT SITUATION IF AND WHEN IT COMES! TILL THEN, WE AINT JUMPIN' THEIR LAND!



BUT THE BARBERS ARE BARRIN' FOR US! WE'VE GOT TO GO! EUROPE, SOUTH AMERICA, THE EAST - THEY'RE ALL PAYIN' FARM PRICES FOR FARM AN' CIDER! HOCKEY! AN' YUH'RE WILLIN' TO GO BARRIN' BEFORE! BARRIN' THEM ALONG TO THE PUNCH! ITS DESTINY!

THEY'VE GOT THE WEAPON! BUCKHANNAN! IT'S BEEN HONEST!







FOUR LATER, AT POST BOXES, AN IRISH DOG
EXPLAINS HIS ATTITUDE TO THE AGENTS.

DO YOU BELIEVE
BUCHANAN WOULD
RENEGADE ARAPA-
HOS TO DO THE
WHORE? SAY!

BUCHANAN WOULD!
NOW WE'LL HAVE THE
REASON FOR
THESE CHIEFS!
I'LL RIDE IN THE
NEXT ROOM!

J. J.
BUCHANAN
TO SEE YOU
COUNCIL!



IN THE NAME OF MY MISTRESS!
YOUR RANGERS, I DEMAND YOU
RENDER THIS WILDEMAN
APPROPRIATE LAND GRANT
AND TURN THE LAND
OVER TO US!

YOU'LL HAVE MY
DECISION IN A
FEW DAYS.
BUCHANAN!



I DON'T BLAME THE
HORNED RANGERS!
THEY'RE HERE
NOT SAID BY THE
WREATHED AND
FALLING PRISON!
BUT BUCHANAN
IS A DEMON!
GIVE ME ONE
DAY, COUNCIL,
AND I'LL PROVE
IT TO YOU!

I HOPE SO,
WILD EAGLE!
THE EVIDENCE
IS STRONGLY
AGAINST
YOUR
TREASON!



THAT NIGHT, HE WOULD
BEAR WITNESS TO...

THIS IS HOW I'LL TRAP BUCHANAN!
I'LL RIDE CLOSE TO HIS
CAMP AND TALK HIM INTO
FOLLOWING ME TO GRASS GORGE!
THERE YOU WILL SPRING INTO
ACTION AND THREATEN TO
DESTROY HIS MEN WITH
AN AVALANCHE UNLESS
THEY TELL THE TRUTH!



AN EXCELLENT
IDEA, WILD
EAGLE!

BUT AN ARAPAHO WOMAN AND
RENEGADE WHITE MAN MET
AN HOUR LATER...

SO THAT'S HIS PLAN! THE THING
WILL BE TURNED! ONE INJURY
WILL BE WAITING AT GRASS GORGE
FOR WILD EAGLE, NOT HIS!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

IT'S CHIEF WILD EAGLE!
AFTER HIM! WE DON'T
SCORE TO GET HIM!

HEN! HEN! THE DOOR
WILL BE BURNED TO
HIS OWN FURNACE!



SHORTLY LATER...

(GASP!) YOU'RE
NOT MY
TREASON!

NO, WILD EAGLE! HE SET THE
OUTCASTS OF THE ARAPAHO
PREPARE FOR DEATH!





"There's no such animal," he cried!



My friend and I were picking the points out day when I started talking him about a sure thing I heard about.

"You say, it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And isn't that? It automatically wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose?"

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today."

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds automatically from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Isn't that sure thing?"

"Tearing up my ears!" The horse I was betting on hooted now on a U. S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



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REDUCE

You will only like and use the new, improved model, by that time you improve and your weight will come to normal.

[illegible][illegible]

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NOW

TRIM UNWANTED INCREASE
SEE TSN MURKIN

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Just the Figure Definition of love for ten days FREE at the expense! In fact as mentioned I had to off my date for 10 months if she had days and would want your money right back! He took all the risk... after 10 days he was not even happy any more (but that really means you loved!) What the FREE will you have what a FUTURE relationship is all about! better!

Guaranteed to Delight or Your Money Back . . . 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

■ MILITARY TOWN CLOSING NOT NEARBY

**For Your
Figure's
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MAIL
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NOW!**

SEND NO MONEY

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